

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 54.—No. 42.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1876.

Price { 4d. Unstamped.
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE THIS DAY. The Programme will include: Overture, "Fingal's Cave" (Mendelssohn); Concerto for Violin (Hegar) (first time at these Concerts); Symphony, No. 1, in B flat (Schumann); Overture, "Le Billet de Marguerite" (Gevaeert) (first time). Vocalists—Miss Catherine Penna and Miss Enriquez. Solo Violin—Herr Wilhelmj. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Transferable Stalls for the Series, Two Guineas; numbered Stalls for a Single Concert, Half-a-Crown. Gallery Seats, unnumbered, One Shilling. Admission, One Shilling, or by Guineas Season Ticket.

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MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—Members are hereby informed that the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the MUSICAL ASSOCIATION will be held at 27, HARLEY STREET, on MONDAY, October 31st, at Four p.m., to receive and deliberate upon the Report of the Council, and to Elect the Council and Officers for the ensuing Session, 1876-7, which will commence on the 6th November.

Note.—The ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, due on the 1st of November, is payable to Messrs CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street. Members who desire to withdraw from the Association should give notice to the Hon. Secy., on or before the 31st inst.

CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.

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Wagneriana.

No. I.

A glance at some few of the incidents which have helped to make up the sum of Richard Wagner's artistic life may not, at the present moment, be altogether without interest. Franz Liszt, the world-famed pianist—"Abbate Liszt," as of late he has come to be called—was first to perceive in Wagner that which very many fail to perceive even now—a genius born to refine and purify the lyric stage, and, by setting musical and dramatic matters on a proper footing, consorting them as they should be consorted, to endow it with newly-awakened life. Liszt, unsolicited, and of his own free will, brought out *Tannhäuser* at Weimar, in which small, though historically interesting town, the acknowledged "Emperor" of what Wagner courteously describes as "Hammer-music" (the musician of the *Zukunft* is not reported to be a pianist of mark) reigned for a lengthened period—a sort of harmonious Goethe. He not merely caused *Tannhäuser*, and, subsequently, at Wagner's own suggestion, *Lohengrin*, to be given, as well as they could possibly be given with the means at his disposal, but extolled both operas to the skies, in journals and printed pamphlets. The result, according to local opinion generally, and the opinion of the preacher of the "Future" in particular, being in each instance a success, the generous Liszt stimulated the ambition of his new protégé to fresh endeavours. "Behold," said the Hammer-King, "thus far have we arrived; now create for us some new work that we may advance still further." For this we have Wagner's own authority, in that very original and remarkable "Communication" to his "Friends," through which he confidentially unfolds himself. Although, like much else he has written, addressed, according to his avowed declaration, exclusively to his "friends," the "Communication" found its way into print, and, bound up with the text ("the Word") of three of his operatic librettos, became accessible to all. From the same authentic source, moreover, we learn that, uncertain and perplexed as to the manner in which the story of Siegfried's death should be dramatically and musically presented, Wagner had contemplated the life of "the human Jesus of Nazareth," apart from the "symbolical Christ," as a theme for the next embodiment of his peculiar art doctrines. A statement of the motives which led to such an idea would scarcely edify those not deeply versed in the Wagnerian mysteries; and the uninitiated may read with equanimity that "a clear, undeviating glance at the outward world" sufficed to convince him how he must inevitably abandon the subject. This, by the way, had something to do with the Dresden revolt, in which, regarding it as the commencement of a general uprising in Germany, the poet-musician took an active share. His position at Dresden thus forfeited, Wagner, by the advice of a friend, went to Paris, which—his former residence in the French capital having been anything rather than agreeable—conjured up bitter reminiscences. "On my first recognition of its loathsome shape," he says ("Communication"), "I cast it from me like some nocturnal phantom, hastening to the Alps of Switzerland, so as to inhale no longer the pestilential odours of the modern Babel." Years afterwards *Tannhäuser* afforded "the stupid and thick-headed people in Paris," unable to comprehend and appreciate Berlioz (see *Oper und Drama*), an opportunity of avenging themselves upon Wagner, of which, it may be remembered, they took ample advantage—and this although, to conciliate them, he even condescended to introduce ballet, one of those adjuncts to operatic performance for which he has always felt extreme repugnance. Somewhere about the period of his quitting Paris for Switzerland, Wagner renewed the literary

polemics which began with his short treatise, *Die Kunst und die Revolution*, of which the world took little more notice at first than was vouchsafed to the paradoxes supported by George in the *Vicar of Wakefield*. In a more elaborate essay, *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft* (already referred to), Wagner developed the new theory at greater length. His object, as he informs us, was to make art independent of its so-called patrons, whose bad taste caused it to be used by interested traders for the mere purposes of speculation; in fact, he was desirous of severing it altogether from "the political conditions of the modern world," insisting that art, instead of being divided into separate manifestations, should be one and indivisible, tending to a single human purport. This treatise found many readers; the art-work of the future became a frequent topic of discussion among earnest thinkers, and Wagner had already prepared the ground-work for that purely literary (independent of poetical) reputation which culminated in his next and most carefully wrought out dissertation—*Oper und Drama*. In that work he dwells chiefly upon art in the abstract, and especially on the union, or rather amalgamation, of poetry and music in his ideal drama. *Oper und Drama*, except by its author's most vehement and irreconcileable opponents, was admitted to be a masterpiece of dialectics, and won over to his creed a large number of influential disciples, who took up his argument and fought for it—almost, in some instances quite, as obstinately as himself. The storm of controversy now burst forth, and Wagnerism became a proselytising faith. And yet "the operas" hardly made such rapid strides towards general public acceptance as Wagner (with all his professed contempt for public taste) hungrily desired. His "Communication" to his "Friends" gives a fair and interesting account of his early struggles, his ever-deepening convictions, and the steady growth of his artistic powers. This "Communication," it was generally understood, would be the last effort of its kind from the pen of Wagner; but—unfortunately it must be admitted—it was followed by more polemical writings, among them being a letter on "*Judaism in Music*," and a treatise upon "*Conducting*" (*Ueber das Dirigiren*), both of which, the former especially, gave offence in many quarters, and created for the author far more enemies than friends. The ravings about Jews and Jewish music, but for the evident feeling that prompted them, would simply provoke laughter at the writer's expense. One might suppose, from the general character of his observations, that all Israel had conspired to put down Wagner, and prevent his works from being brought out in public. Such passages as those referring to the "*Music-bankers* of the day, who have sprung from the school of Mendelssohn, or been recommended to the world by his patronage," almost invite readers of calm temperament to side with Dr Puschmann, of Berlin, who, in his *Richard Wagner eine Psychiatrische Studie*, appears to doubt whether the subject of his essay is in his right mind. The treatise in question is crammed full of puerile absurdities—which, by the way, have been exposed in a vein of genuine ironical liveliness by Dr Ferdinand Hiller. The letter, however, on "*Judaism in Music*," addressed to Madame Marie Muchanoff (the re-publication, and a sad one, of an article in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*), is far more reprehensible, and should never on any account have been printed for sale. Here, not only those whom Wagner is pleased to designate as "Jewish Musicians," but Jews of all and every denomination, are spoken of in an impertinently disrespectful, nay, grossly insulting tone.

But, passing on to a less uncongenial topic—the earnest demand of Liszt for "some new creation" was met with eager acquiescence by the magician of the "Future," who immediately set to work upon re-casting his early projected

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drama, on the subject of *Siegfried's Tod*; and this, after much and painful consideration, gradually expanded into the colossal "Trilogy," with preamble, of which, under the title of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* (*Das Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung*), a performance, as all the world knows, was given at the big new theatre in little Bayreuth, a very short time ago.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

We have now, at last, an opera from the pen of Richard Wagner presented, by Mr Carl Rosa's English Company, in such a form as to make it easily comprehensible to the majority of London theatre-goers, who like a play with music as much as, if not more than, they like a play without music. An Italian version of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, under the title of *L'Olandese Dannato*, appeared in 1870, when Mr Wood was director, and Signor Arditi conductor, at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane. Since then *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* have been successfully introduced, the latter by Mr Gye at Covent Garden, the former both by Mr Gye at his own house and by Mr Mapleson at the rival establishment—in each instance, of course, through the medium of an Italian adaptation. Until these opportunities occurred Wagner had been much more talked about than known. His name was a familiar thing, but his music little more than a *terra incognita*, the specimens brought forward from time to time being merely exceptions to the rule. The few enthusiasts, moreover, who were well-informed in the matter, insisted that fragments from Wagner's dramatic works were calculated to afford but a very inadequate idea of their absolute value—an argument plausible enough to silence objection, for a time at least, on the part of the many unable to appreciate them. That the *Flying Dutchman* (we at once adopt its English title) is the first of the three operas—its companions being *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*—which, convincing Wagner that he was a poet no less than a musician, persuaded him also that the materials for the art-work he had in contemplation were only to be derived from legend, the public has been more than once informed. Pretty well tired, indeed, by this time, of discussions upon Wagner's theories, and disposed to judge his productions on their plain merits, without reference to their philosophic origin, it lent a willing ear, and, without affecting to understand the whole, found both in *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* very much to admire. We are greatly mistaken, however, if the earliest of the three works which serve to illustrate the principles upon which Wagner bases his intended reform of the musical drama does not, in this country at any rate, prove the most acceptable of the series. The *Flying Dutchman* bears a resemblance so much closer to other things of the kind which the world at large has been accustomed to look upon as opera, that the task of entering thoroughly into its purport, and sympathising with it in proportion, is to ordinary folk one of comparatively small difficulty. Then, while the heroes of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* are abstract myths to those not versed in mediæval German legend, the Dutch Captain Van der Decken and his phantom ship are, to a preponderating number among us, familiar memories of childhood; and this, where, as in the others, the supernatural element is employed, becomes an unquestionable advantage. But, apart from such considerations, the work is not less an opera in the universal acceptation of the term than *Der Freischütz* itself, and built upon a story no less simple, the mysterious power which rules the fortunes of the storm-tossed navigator being quite as appropriate in its dramatic significance as that which governs the destiny of the free-shooter who has pledged his soul to the Wild Huntsman. Looking carefully at the music of the *Flying Dutchman*, we cannot but be struck with the instances it reveals of Weber's influence on the mind of its composer. But for the fact, indeed, that Wagner's melody (and here it is abundant, if not, as in *Tristan* and the *Nibelungen*, "infinite") lacks the tenderness, fluency, and spontaneous grace of Weber's, that his harmony is less pure, his orchestral colouring less rich and varied, and his treatment of the voices far less natural and considerate, this opera might have been attributed to Weber, without any great risk arising from dissentient opinions. Though in *Rienzi*—a lyric drama after the historical manner, subsequently disdained and cast aside—the self-elect composer for "the Future" adopted Meyerbeer as a model, what

immediately followed *Rienzi* bore testimony that his strong artistic leaning was rather towards Meyerbeer's distinguished fellow-student under the notorious Abbé Vogler. Even in *Tannhäuser* there are unmistakable signs of that predilection for Weber which, whether for good or for evil it is needless to argue, was in subsequent efforts almost entirely discarded. But, except in the frequent use of that orchestral device which musicians call *tremolando*, a device sufficiently accommodating where free-part writing would be inconvenient, but only employed by the great masters under exceptional conditions, the traces of Weber's influence in later productions—the absolute "art-dramas"—are few and far between, and where, occasionally, they do present themselves, faint and fainter by degrees. We own to a preference for what Wagner has written under such wholesome influence, and for this reason alone can never listen with indifference to his *Fliegende Holländer*, which, in 1842, attracted the serious attention of Spohr, who caused it to be produced at Hesse-Cassel, receiving from its composer a letter of thanks, which would hardly be signed "Richard Wagner" in the present time, but is, nevertheless, enshrined in that singular mixture of dignity and almost child-like simplicity, Spohr's *Selbst-Biographie*.

The English version of *Der Fliegende Holländer* is from the pen of Mr John P. Jackson, an earnest advocate of the Wagnerian doctrines, and an enthusiastic admirer of his music, who has also made adaptations of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*. Mr Jackson, adhering as closely as possible to the inner meaning of the text and imitating the style of the Wagnerian verse and phraseology, with which he is evidently familiar, has performed his task in an able and conscientious manner. His libretto must not be critically scrutinised as an English composition, but as the faithful reflex of a peculiar German one—for Wagner here, as elsewhere, is his own poet, and even Germans themselves admit that they are occasionally puzzled by his use of their vernacular. We need not again describe the story or enter into details about the manner in which the poet-musician has remodelled it to suit the object in hand. Mr F. Hueffer, who perhaps knows more about Wagner, his theories, and his music, than any contemporary authority, reminds us, in his book called *Richard Wagner and the Music of the Future*, that the idea of bringing about the condemned sea-wanderer's redemption through the agency of woman's devoted love—the love of a woman, by the way, whose interest in the legend has been solely created by the contemplation of a portrait which hangs in her apartment—is gathered from Heinrich Heine's *Memoirs of Herr von Schnabelewksi*. If this be the case, Wagner, by the insinuations contained in that terrible onslaught upon Jewish composers, Jewish poets, and Jewish everything, called *Judaism in Music*, ill repays his great compatriot for suggesting something without which the opera of *The Flying Dutchman* could not have assumed the shape through which he has presented it to the world. Senta, in fact, the self-sacrificing woman, is the one figure that raises a commonplace legend into the sphere of poetry. Without her the Dutch sea captain, begirt with storms, might go on wandering, seven years after seven years, to eternity, and none to inquire about his welfare. With her we have the gleam of light which illuminates the dark story, and evokes the sympathies of all. The other personages in Wagner's opera—Daland, captain of a Norwegian ship (Senta's father); Eric, a "forester" (her human lover); Mary (the nurse of her infancy), and the Steersman of Daland's ship, are commonplace enough; nor are the parts they take respectively in the general development of the plot of any noticeable importance. The interest attaches wholly to Senta and the strange visitor, who, until his unexpected apparition, has engrossed her thoughts by day and her dreams by night. We cannot but think that Eric is very ill-treated, and his fair expectations of happiness destroyed without any fault of his own, unless his ardent love for a monomaniac may be counted as a sin. Daland, her father, deserves small consideration, bartering, as he does, the affections of his daughter for the treasures offered by an anything but inviting mariner, whom he has never previously beheld. The rest are mere abstractions. Senta is to be pitied, although she breaks her plighted troth to Eric, through hallucinations not very explicable to ordinary intelligence; while Van der Decken would be entitled to general sympathy if only because, at the last moment, informed, through Eric's protestations, as to the fact, hitherto unknown to him, of Senta's early love, he confesses his identity, and, aban-

doning the woman who was to save him, through annihilation, rushes off with heroic self-denial to his ship, with another seven years' hopeless voyage before him. That Senta should, nevertheless, throw herself into the sea, and by this attestation of good faith bring about the long-desired catastrophe; that Van der Deeken's rickety craft should therupon break in pieces, be swallowed up by the waters, and heroine and hero be wafted to the skies, with a halo, the symbol of redemption, around them, possibly causes no particular surprise to any but the jilted Eric, who, on retiring to his solitary couch, may, in all poetic justice, speculate a little on the uncertainty of hope and the nature of things in general, especially where the mythic *fatum* has any hand in the conduct of human events. If Wagner had composed his *Fliegende Holländer* later (say after *Tristan und Isolde*) he would no more have admitted Eric in his drama than Gounod, had he been, which he is half inclined to be, a Wagner, would have admitted Siebel in his *Faust*. Amid such surrounding circumstances purely sentimental earthly lovers are in the way. We look for them vainly in the *Ring des Nibelungen*.

A large part of the music in *The Flying Dutchman* has become so familiar among us since the Italian adaptation at Drury Lane that we are spared the necessity of dwelling on it piece by piece. To its general characteristics we have referred in our opening remarks. Enough, then, to add that those who look for anything that places this work conspicuously apart from other "romantic" operas will be disappointed. It is clearly modelled upon *Der Freischütz*. The Dutchman and the incidents connected with him are not more emphatically distinguished by certain musical references than is Zamiel, although Wagner carries out the theory to a much greater extent than Weber; nor is the overture, with its alterations of storm and hoped-for peace, a more complete epitome of what is to follow than the far nobler prelude with which Weber ushers in the most popular and individually German of all German operas. But, while admitting this influence and what comes from it, the power of Wagner is not to be denied. In saying that his *Fliegende Holländer* approaches more nearly to *Der Freischütz* in its prevalent characteristics than any other opera with which we are acquainted, we pronounce a very high estimate of its merits; and whatever may be the ultimate issue of the growing tendency, we cannot but regret that its composer, before launching himself irretrievably upon the ocean of absolute *mythos*, did not give birth to one or two more specimens of a similar kind, which might, by further exemplification, have justified the words of Spohr, who, speaking about the *Holländer*, says, amid certain reservations (*Selbst Biographie*)—"I consider Wagner as the most gifted of all our dramatic composers of the present day." Whether Spohr would have followed Wagner's subsequent career with equal interest it is impossible to guess. Remembering certain remarks upon *Tannhäuser*, we are disposed to think not.

The manner in which *The Flying Dutchman* is produced at the Lyceum is highly creditable to Mr Carl Rosa and all who work under his direction. Three performances have been given, and each before crowded audiences. The opera is admirably put upon the stage—remarkably so, indeed, the dimensions and resources of the theatre considered—and for this no scant acknowledgement is due to Mr Hawes Craven, the "scenic artist," Mr Mather, the mechanist, and Mr Arthur Howell, stage manager. The chorus is especially good, alike in the first and third acts, where the sailors of either vessel, Norwegian and Dutch, are concerned; and in the melodious and truly characteristic "Spinning-song" of the second, in which the voices of women alone are employed. The elaborate introduction to the final scene, when the maidens come to welcome the Norwegian sailors home, and so forcible a contrast is established between the utterances of the phantom crew and those of their livelier neighbours, is worthy all praise. About the difficulty of this there can be no question, and the warmest acknowledgment is due to those who so readily surmount it. The orchestra is admirable from the overture to the end; and that Wagner pays little regard to the convenience of his instrumental executants has by this time become tolerably well known to our English players. The praise bestowed upon Mr Santley's impersonation of the "Dutchman," six years ago, at Her Majesty's Opera, is doubly merited now. Though an Italian singer *par excellence*, our accomplished baritone is still more admirable when he has to express himself through the medium of his native tongue. Both vocally and dramatically his performance is a

masterpiece of its kind. Mdlle Ostava Torriani, although she may not possess the physical stamina to sustain to the conclusion without effort the music which Wagner has put into the mouth of Senta, acts the part with real intelligence, and sings all that she has to sing like a genuine artist. The other characters are more or less well supported by Miss Lucy Franklin (Nurse), Messrs A. Stephens, F. C. Packard, and J. W. Turner (Daland, Eric, and Steersman); and, best of all, the "*ensemble*" may be eulogised without reserve. The opera is received with the greatest enthusiasm, and adds one more to the well-deserved successes achieved by Mr Rosa. The fourth performance of the *Flying Dutchman* was announced for last night.

Hérod's *Zampa* was performed for the first time this season on Tuesday night, in presence of a crowded and, to all appearance, well-pleased house. The cast, as regards three important parts, may be styled familiar, Zampa, Daniel, and Dandolo falling to the artists who represented those characters at the Gaiety Theatre, six years ago. On the other hand, Mdlle Torriani essayed the task then allotted to Miss Florence Lancia; Mr Nordblom played Alphonse, instead of Mr Cummings, and Miss Lucy Franklin as Rita, took the place filled, last season, by Miss Emmeline Cole. Avoiding needless comparison, it may be said that the Lyceum cast was, musically speaking, quite equal to the demands of the work. Mdlle Torriani is an artist who never fails to please, although there may be occasions on which—because all characters in her repertory do not suit her in the same degree—she is less happy than on others. Her personation of Camelia, as well as her rendering of the music, was marked by good taste, and lent to the performance a grace and attraction such as the author of the play must have contemplated when bringing his high-born lady into such close association with peasants and pirates. As Rita, Miss Lucy Franklin exhibited a good deal of appropriate sprightliness, and sang with acceptance, though there were certain passages in the sparkling duet with Daniel which severely tried the flexibility and agility of her voice. Mr Nordblom sang more coarsely than he has been wont to do of late, and failed to invest the person of the gallant young Sicilian officer with any great degree of attraction. He should, above all, study how to look nobly indignant without putting on a heavy scowl, suggestive of some transpontine stage "villain." The Daniel of Mr Aynsley Cook was thoroughly characteristic and sometimes happy in its broad humour; while Mr Lyall once again took full advantage of the opportunity to make an effect as the timid peasant Dandolo. Nothing could have been better than his acting in the opening scene—the assumption of fright, and the mimicry of Zampa's manner evincing rare skill. It is hardly necessary to say that in the part of the pirate captain, Mr Santley acquitted himself after a fashion he rarely excels. The part suits him, and we shall not be wrong in assuming that he is fond of it—reasons more than enough to account for his success. Although the music, even as occasionally transposed, necessitates a strain upon his voice, such as, perhaps, he would act judiciously to avoid, Mr Santley delivers it in a most artistic manner, and sings with a neatness and point, as well as, when necessary, a power and breadth of effect leaving nothing to desire. He was frequently and loudly applauded in the course of the evening. The chorus, as usual, did excellent work, in which they were emulated by the orchestra. Hérod's music could not have been better played, and it was as a matter of course that the well-known overture received an enthusiastic *encore*. Mr Rosa conducted with his unvarying care and skill.

ROME.—The Municipal Council have had a commemorative tablet let into the front of the house No. 78 in the Via della Murata. It bears the inscription: "In questa Casa abitò Gaetano Donizetti di Bergamo e vi compose *Il Furioso ed il Torquato Tasso*. S. P. Q. R." ("Gaetano Donizetti of Bergamo once resided in this house, where he composed *Il Furioso* and *Il Torquato Tasso*. S. P. Q. R.—Senatus Populusque Romanus, otherwise, The Senate and People of Rome.")

MARSEILLES.—The Grand-Théâtre has been opened by the new manager, M. Campo-Casso, formerly manager of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, with the *Huguenots*. The next opera was to be *Mignon*. At the Théâtre du Gymnase, *La petite Mariée* was produced on the 7th inst. The new Théâtre des Bouffes is well attended every evening. *Les Turcs* by M. Hervé and *Les Prés St Gervais* are to be the next novelties. The Théâtre Chavé was lately re-opened. Besides the above four theatres, the town boasts of two first-class cafés-concerts, the Casino and the Alcazar.

[Oct. 14, 1876.]

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

WESTMORLAND SCHOLARSHIP.

(Founded 1861.)

A Scholarship for vocalists, called the "Westmorland Scholarship," as a memorial of the late Earl of Westmorland (the founder of the Royal Academy of Music), established by subscription, is contended for annually in December. It is open to female candidates between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four years. The amount of the Scholarship is £10, which will be appropriated towards the cost of a year's instruction in the Academy. Further subscriptions towards the fund of this Scholarship will be applied to the increase of its annual value.

POTTER EXHIBITION.

(Founded 1860.)

An Exhibition, called the "Potter Exhibition," founded by subscription, as a testimonial to the late Cipriani Potter (Principal of the Institution from 1832 to 1859), will be contended for annually in December. It is open to competition, by female and male candidates, in alternate years, who shall be pupils of the Academy, and have studied not less than two years in the Institution. The amount of the Exhibition is £12, which will be appropriated towards the cost of a year's instruction in the Academy.

STERNDALE BENNETT SCHOLARSHIP.

(Founded 1872.)

A Scholarship, called the "Sterndale Bennett Scholarship," founded by subscription, as a Testimonial to Sir William Sterndale Bennett, (Principal of the Royal Academy of Music from 1866 to 1875), is contended for biennially in April. The Scholarship is open for competition in any branch of Music, to male candidates, between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one years. The competitor must be a British-born subject, and will have to pass an examination in general education, previously to entering the musical competition. The subjects for examination comprise Orthography, English Grammar, Elementary Arithmetic, Rudiments of Geography and English History; and candidates above eighteen, in any Foreign Language of their own choice. The successful candidate is entitled to two years' free education in the Royal Academy of Music.

PAREPA-ROSA SCHOLARSHIP.

(Founded by Mr Carl Rosa, March, 1874, in Memory of his late Wife, Madame Parepa-Rosa.)

Awarded by competition to British-born Female Vocalists, not being nor ever having been Students at the Royal Academy of Music, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two years. The successful candidate entitled to two years' free Musical Education. The competition to take place in the month of April, and the Scholarship to commence at the Easter Term.

SIR JOHN GOSS SCHOLARSHIP.

(Founded 1875.)

A Scholarship, called the "Sir John Goss Scholarship," founded by subscription, as a Testimonial to Sir John Goss, is awarded triennially by the Council of the College of Organists, in time for the term commencing in the succeeding September. The Scholarship is open for competition in any branch of music, to male candidates between the ages of fifteen and eighteen years, members of cathedral choirs, who make the Organ a chief study. The Scholarship, for three years, amounts, at present, to about Fifteen Guineas, which, with any subsequent additional proceeds, will be appropriated towards the cost of each year's instruction in the Academy.

PROFESSORS' SCHOLARSHIPS.

Two Scholarships established for the advancement of Orchestral studies, by subscription of Professors and friends. These Scholarships, consisting of two years' free education in the Academy to candidates between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one years, awarded to the best player on the violin and orchestral instrument.

In these Scholarships the scholar is examined at the end of the first year, when, if progress is not apparent, the Scholarship is forfeited and another scholar elected for the remainder of the period.

BALFE SCHOLARSHIP.

A Scholarship endowed from the proceeds of the Balfe Memorial Festival, in July, 1876, in memory of Michael William Balfe, will be contended for annually at Christmas. The Scholarship is open for competition in any branch of music to female and male candidates, in alternate years, between the ages of twelve and eighteen. The competitor must be a British-born subject, and pass an examination in general education previously to entering the musical competition.

The subjects for examination are the same as for the Sterndale Bennett Scholarship. The successful candidate is entitled to one year's free education in the Royal Academy of Music.

MEMORIAL PRIZES.

THE STERNDALE BENNETT PRIZE.

A purse of ten guineas, competed for annually, in July, by female pianists who have studied in the Academy during the six consecutive preceding terms, and awarded to the one who plays best a composition by Sir Sterndale Bennett, chosen by the committee, and announced two months previous to competition.

THE PAREPA-ROSA PRIZE.

A gold medal, bearing a portrait of Euphrosyne Parepa-Rosa, competed for annually, in July, by soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass singers, in alternate years, who have been studying in the Academy throughout the last three consecutive terms, awarded to the one who sings best the pieces selected by the committee, announced two months before the competition.

THE LUCAS PRIZE.

A silver medal from a design by T. Woolner, R.A., competed for annually, in July, by composers who have been studying in the Academy throughout the three consecutive preceding terms, awarded to the one who composes the best work on a subject named by the committee two months before the date of competition.

THE CHRISTINE NILSSON PRIZES.

(First Prize, Twenty Guineas. Second Prize, Ten Guineas.)

To be competed for in July, 1877, by female vocalists who have been studying in the Academy throughout the last three consecutive terms, awarded to the candidates judged best and next best. An air by Handel, with recitative, and an English ballad (chosen by the committee) for the respective voices, announced two months before the competition.

SILVER MEDALS AND BRONZE MEDALS.

Awarded at the annual July examinations to the most deserving pupils, who have been studying throughout the three consecutive preceding terms.

"DROOP NOT, BELOVED."

Droop not, beloved, stay with me yet awhile;
Cannot a mortal's love arrest thy flight?
Must I then lose that sweet and beaming smile,
And stay enshrouded in the gloom of night?
Say art thou weary, doth a voice say, Come?
Pines thy fair spirit for that distant shore?
Hear'st thou a summons to that heavenly home?
Earth's joys and pleasures, can they charm no more?
Droop not, beloved, cannot the chords of love,
All-powerful in their might, prolong thy stay?
Or do thy kindred spirits from above
Woo thee to come, and art thou on the way?
How could I trace our well-known haunts alone,
The winding streamlet, and the shady grove?
Should I not miss thy gentle voice, my own,
And mourn thy absence as doth mourn the dove?
Droop not, beloved, mark how the languid flower
Derives new life from the refreshing rain.
Cannot affection, like that heaven-sent shower,
Bring health, bring roses, to thy cheek again?
Shouldst thou depart, how changed would all appear!
E'en the sweet song-birds on each bush and tree
Would pour their notes on an unheeding ear.
Droop not, beloved, for thou art life to me!

S. P. HOWELL.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—It is asserted that Mad. Pauline Lucca will fulfil a short engagement at the Stadttheater next April.—The principal works performed during the winter by Rühl's Gesangverein will be Bach's *Matthäus-Passion*, Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, Mendelssohn's *St Paul*, and Liszt's 13th Psalm.

MANNHEIM.—Herr Emil Heckel, who first suggested the formation of Richard-Wagner-Associations, has received from the composer of the *Nibelungenring* a present, in the shape of a silver beer-tankard, bearing the inscription: "Jedes Bierglas braucht seinen Deckel, So braucht auch Wagner seinen Heckel." ("As every beer glass requires a top, so Wagner needs his Heckel.") On his portrait, accompanying the tankard, Wagner has written: "Lieber Freund Heckel, es war doch gut." ("Dear Friend Heckel, it was indeed good.")

HERR JOSEPH HELLMESBERGER.

(From our dilatory Correspondent.)

The twenty-fifth professional anniversary of an eminent artist was celebrated here on the 1st inst. It was that of Herr Joseph Hellmesberger, director and chief professor of the violin at the Conservatory ever since 1851, and the head of the celebrated violin school, which has turned out many remarkable solo-players. The beneficial influence exerted by Herr Hellmesberger on the musical taste of the Viennese public is uncontested. It was he who founded the famous Vienna Quartet, which has now existed for twenty-six years. He has belonged to the Imperial Chapel twenty-nine years, as first violin-director, and six months since was appointed chapelmaster. For thirty years he has been first solo violinist at our Grand Operahouse. It is to his profound love of art that we owe the famous students' band, so renowned for its execution of grand symphonic works and the operas performed regularly every year on the stage of our Conservatory, as well as the excellent nursery of orchestral artists for the theatres. This eminent musician has, also, at various periods conducted at the grand concerts of the Conservatory. Happy in possessing him, the City of Vienna conferred upon him as far back as 1852 a diploma of citizenship; and, in his capacity as President of the Twenty-seventh Class at the Paris Universal Exhibition, in 1855, he was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. He holds, the Austrian Order of Francis Joseph, and that of the White Falcon of Saxe-Weimar. It is probable that the celebration of his twenty-fifth anniversary will be marked by numerous additions to the marks of distinction he has justly merited.

SALVATORE SAVERIO DI BALDASSARE.

Vienna, October, 1876.

—o—

THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF MUSIC IN MUNICH.

The new term commencing on the 2nd inst. was marked by an important extension of the course of instruction pursued at the Royal School of Music. Hitherto, the institution has been divided into three schools: an instrumental, a vocal, and a theoretical. From the commencement of the present term there will be added to the above:—1. A school of general education. This will include instruction in German (elementary instruction: reading, writing, and exercises in plain composition; higher instruction: poetry, rhetoric, the history of German literature in conjunction with general history, so far as the latter is necessary for the comprehension of the former), French, the history of music, and the elements of gymnastics and deportment. Every part of this course is obligatory for all the pupils of the institution. 2. A dramatic school. The object of this is to afford the requisite theatrical and practical instruction to such pupils as intend devoting themselves to opera. Besides a thorough development of the voice, the course of instruction will comprise the attainment of a pronunciation entirely free from provincialism; artistic declamation (gained by reciting classical poems, and assuming different parts in the reading of classical pieces); corporal development (that is, how to stand, walk, and comport one's self, pantomime, dancing, and fencing), as well as the art of representation by the study of parts and actual practice on the stage. By the establishment of the schools marked 1 and 2, the Royal School of Music will offer opportunities not to be met with in any other institution in Germany for thoroughly qualifying students to become musicians or lyric artists. It will, furthermore, be the first institution where a singer who intends embracing a dramatic career can be moulded into an actor—a character in which operatic singers are, at present, so deficient, and, consequently, incapable of a comprehensive artistically dramatic impersonation. Thanks to the dramatic school organised for Opera, the Royal School of Music will, in proper cases, by allowing them to attend certain classes, be in position to assist, also, persons studying for the spoken drama. Finally, if we take into consideration the fact that the Intendant-General of the Theatre Royal has been appointed by the Bavarian Government Director of the Royal School of Music, and that hereby the pupils of the dramatic school will at all times enjoy an opportunity of actual practice, to an extent possible in no other school of the kind, we think we are justified in designating as a most important step the establishment of the Dramatic School in the Royal School of Music at Munich.—*Berlin Echo.*

BELLINI'S REMAINS.

The body of Bellini, on board the Italian man-of-war, Guiscardo, reached Catania on the 28th ult., and was received with salutes of artillery. Despite the lateness of the hour, it was landed and placed in a state carriage which belongs to the Corporation, and in which Bellini rode when, in 1832, he made a kind of triumphal entry into his native town. The crowd immediately rushed after the carriage, and, notwithstanding the resistance of the authorities, unharnessed the horses, and carried the coffin to the church where it was to be left for the night. The ceremony at the Cathedral took place next day. Eight horses with black velvet trappings drew the funeral car, and were led by grooms in the costume of the fourteenth century. An immense multitude and a number of bands followed. The arrival of the coffin in the Cathedral was greeted by a chorus of two hundred children. On the doors of the sacred edifice was the inscription: "This Basilica, where the remains of so many kings repose in oblivion, will be famous from to-day, when it receives the ashes of Vincenzo Bellini." The body was deposited in an unpretending monument, on which ten young ladies of the aristocracy scattered flowers. This monument is only temporary. The Corporation have ordered another from Monte-verde, the sculptor, at a cost of 150,000 francs.

AN OLD CRY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")



SIR,—The Duke's Theatre, Holborn, is now the home of performing monkeys, varied by scenes in a circus. The nature and character of these is well known. It may be said that all this argues degeneracy of taste, seeing that a few years ago it was thought that Shakspeare, spurned at the more Western theatres, might find a home in this locality. An eminent actor, now at Drury Lane, knows the mistake that was then made. The present performances, perhaps, more correctly reflect the intelligence and the taste of the denizens of Holborn. But it is said by a contemporary of yours that a desire to witness Shakspeare exists, two large theatres presenting the public with plays which the uninitiated may conclude were written by the bard. It is, however, admitted that these representations are plays altered and adapted to suit the taste and the intelligence of the nineteenth century. The plays, then, which satisfied the judgment and gave recreation to the minds of those who lived ere such men as Colley Cibber first saw the light cease to charm. In the present day the intellectual spirit must be drunk diluted. Shakspeare in a barn would not now do. He must be adapted to our present mental circumstances. The truth is—and this is a justly drawn inference—the mind is not trained in these days as it was "one hundred years ago." It is cultivated too much superficially. All the senses are required to help in securing a result which is thought to be education. Accordingly, illustrated books have a more rapid sale than those not so aided. Scenery of an elaborate character is necessary to the success of a play. The mind and the senses must be fed at the same time; and the consequence will be found to be that the former will get just food enough to enable it to exist. By this complex process it will never become manly, never acquire that vigour, that decision, that productiveness, to which qualities in our ancestors it is that we are indebted for all that is great and noble. Yet this teaching is the order or fashion of the present day. By it people become superficially tutored. Food thus partaken of is rarely assimilated. The mental digestion is impaired. The full results of all this have to be judged. Enough may be seen to satisfy the unprejudiced that it is not Shakspeare who attracts at Drury Lane or at the Queen's. Nor was Shakspeare the attraction at the Lyceum. The failure of our great poet at the Holborn Theatre, a few years since, and of other deservedly good dramatic writers, and the character of the bill which is now presented to those who seek entertainment in that locality, form a terrible satire worthy the consideration of all who stand up for the education of the present day as opposed to that of century since, while it will enable all who see the results of the present systems of tuition to form some idea what intellectual development will be some years hence.—Your obedient servant,

P.

[“P.” should read Pepys. The taste for show is not particularly of our time. “P.” is wrong about Shakspeare at the Lyceum. The attraction there was the acting of Mr Irving—which is as good as to say Shakspeare intellectually interpreted.—D. P.]

MARRIAGE.

On the 7th inst., at St Saviour's, Warwick Road, GEORGE ARTHUR Rooks to CUNIGUNDA ANTONIA MARIE KRATZ, youngest daughter of the late Ferdinand Pelzer.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1876.



Returned from Bayreuth.

No. 2.

DR BIRD.—Come, old fellow, I want to get back to England.
DR SNAIL.—What for?

DR BIRD.—They're going to do the *Flying Dutchman* at Rosa's.
DR SNAIL.—I wish to leave my card on Wagner.

DR BIRD.—At Wahnfried?

DR SNAIL.—Just so.

DR BIRD.—Dannreuther says Wagner don't receive.

DR SNAIL.—He be blowed. I want to see Flosshilde.

DR BIRD.—She don't live with Wagner; only the worm, Fafner.

DR SNAIL.—Worms be blowed! I want Flosshilde.

DR BIRD.—Then fly with me to Berlin. I will introduce you to Minnie Aida Hauk, and Herr Ritter von Kingston.

DR SNAIL.—You old fogie! I have engaged the Hauk to come with me to England.

DR BIRD.—Flosshilde will be jealous.

DR SNAIL.—Shouldn't I like it!

DR BIRD.—Miserable Snail! You can't have both Flosshilde and Hauk. Besides, Herr Ritter von Kingston will take you to see *Tristan und Isolde*.

DR SNAIL.—I want Isolde without Tristan.

DR BIRD.—Come, we shall miss the Dutchman at Rosa's.

DR SNAIL.—Blow the Dutchman at Rosa's. I want Senta. By Abbs! Who's Rosa?

DR BIRD.—By Adnan!—manager of the Lyceum.

DR SNAIL.—I shall call at Wahnfried before I leave.

DR BIRD.—I'd great trouble to get you here, and now I've great trouble to get you away.

DR SNAIL.—Flosshilde! O by Abbs! Had I been Alberich I would have taken her to my cavern.

DR BIRD.—And the Rhine gold? And Tarnkap? And Ring?

DR SNAIL.—Blow the Rhine gold, and Tarnkap, and Ring! I want Waltraute.

DR BIRD.—She that was with Brünnhilde in the fire?

DR SNAIL.—And also Brünnhilde. I'll take off her birnie.

DR BIRD.—Ware Siegfried,

DR SNAIL.—Blow Siegfried! I want Sieglinde.

DR BIRD.—Ware Siegmund,

DR SNAIL.—Blow Siegmund! I want Freia.

DR BIRD.—Ware Fasolt and Fafner.

DR SNAIL.—Blow Fasolt and Fafner! I will take off birnies.

DR BIRD.—What was your impression of the Tetralogy?

DR SNAIL.—An impression of wishing to take off birnies generally. That was my impression.

DR BIRD.—Come, fly with me. At your age, too!

DR SNAIL.—I will take off birnies. I want Gudrun.

DR BIRD.—Allons! allons! (DR SNAIL recedes into his shell. DR BIRD snaps him up, and flies away with him.)

DR SNAIL (in shell).—Carry me to Flosshilde.

(Storm. They vanish in the midst of it.)

—o—

Letters from Eminent Composers.

No. 7.

FRANZ LISZT TO JULES BENEDICT.

Je ne pourrai probablement pas venir prendre congé de vous, mon cher Benedict, mais je tiens à vous dire encore en partant combien je suis sensible à l'amitié que vous m'avez témoigné. Croyez bien que je ferai ce qui dépendra de moi pour ne pas toujours être ainsi en retard avec vous. Disposez de moi quand et comme bon vous semblera. J'espère que l'occasion se présentera bientôt où il pourra y avoir un peu de reciprocité dans nos rapports.

Rappelez moi très affectueusement au souvenir de Mdme Benedict et croyez moi bien, tout à vous d'amitié,

F. LISZT.

Vendredi Matin.

[The touching meeting between Abbé Liszt and Sir Julius Benedict at Bayreuth took away attention, for a time, even from the Tetralogy itself. If the *Tagblatt* (*Daily Blague*) may be credited, Liszt, on perceiving Benedict, fell upon his (Benedict's) neck, and wept, like Joseph at the sight of his brethren, who came to Egypt for bread and got it, whereas Sir Julius (and many others) got neither bread nor wine in the city of the Margraves. But then the "reciprocity" must have consoled Benedict (and many others).—D. PETERS.]

—o—

Dr Hanslick on the "Ring des Nibelungen."

H EAR further the great Viennese critic (Wagner's Bane, as Siegfried was Fafner's Bane) on the Bayreuth performances:

"In my last letter, I endeavoured to describe the character of the *Nibelungen* music, as well as the mental and physical worry of my stay at Bayreuth would allow. While still under the oppressive weight of what I have gone through, I must to-day say something about the total effect of the entire performance. Before pronouncing a final and conclusive opinion, I must wait till I am farther off as regards both time and place.

"The impression produced upon the public by Wagner's *Nibelungen* was not due in a preponderating degree to the music; had it been so, we must have designated it as totally crushing, even after the first two evenings. The most brilliant quality possessed by Wagner is the varied nature of his powers. This variety enables him to work at one and the same time with the special talent of the musician, of the painter, of the librettist, and of the stage-manager, and to effect in the last three characters what he could never have done in the first alone. It is more especially the feeling for the *picturesque* in Wagner's fancy which is incessantly at work in the *Nibelungen*, and it is from this feeling that the first notion of many a scene appears to have sprung. If we examine the photographs of the scenes due to the highly poetic imagination of Joseph Hoffmann, we are involuntarily struck by the idea that such pictures arose in Wagner's mind before anything else, and that the appropriate poetry and music followed in their wake.

This is the case with the very first scene of the 'Prelude.' The Daughters of the Rhine singing and swimming about in that stream, and, for 132 bars, surrounded merely by the waves of the long-drawn out triad of E flat major, present a picture which we admire without being very strict about the music. This part of the performance went off very well at Bayreuth because the scene and the machinery for the swimmers, which was worked from below, were very successful. From this point the musical charm of the *Rheingold* rapidly falls, and, as the susceptibility of the hearer, held fast uninterruptedly for nearly three hours, dries up simultaneously with it, he leaves with a feeling of deadly monotony.* As a whole, it is really on Wagner's unexampled authority alone that this *Rheingold* will be accepted, partly by blind and partly by pretended enthusiasm. The second drama, *Die Walküre*, commences in an unusually spirited manner with the entrance into Hunding's house of Siegmund, who is fleeing from his pursuers. For the wearisome length of the scene at table (Siegmund, Hunding, and Sieglinde) we feel gradually compensated during the love-duet between Siegmund and Sieglinde, in which the B flat major movement, "Winterstürme weichen dem Wonnemonde," comes in like the sunshine of which we have long been deprived. Here we bask at any rate in a ray of melodious and sustained song! Notwithstanding this, the first act of *Die Walküre*, which, judging by the score, we had regarded as the gem of the whole work, did not quite realise the hopes entertained of it. The blame must, perhaps, be partly attributed to the tenor, whose voice was insufficient and wanting in tenderness. With the second act an abyss of wearisomeness opens before us. The god Wotan enters. He first holds a long conversation with his wife, and then (turning to Brünnhilde) delivers an autobiographical address, which fills eight whole pages of the text-book. The narrative, in slow time, and utterly devoid of melody, encompasses us like a dreary and far-stretching ocean, on which a few miserable scraps of 'guiding motives' float toward us from the orchestra. Scenes like this remind one of a species of torture which was very popular in the Middle Ages, and which consisted in waking up with pin-pricks a prisoner utterly overcome by sleep. We heard even Wagnerites designate the second act as a misfortune for the work as a whole—a very unnecessary misfortune, since with two strokes of the pen the two scenes might be extirpated and scarcely missed by anyone. But *Die Walküre* generally is only connected by the loosest bond with the action of the other parts of the work. We learn nothing in it which we have not already heard in *Rheingold* about the fatal ring, while, for what comes afterwards, there is nothing of importance except the punishment and enchantment of Brünnhilde in the concluding scene. The third act rises musically to greater power and breadth. It first does so, thanks to the Valkyres, whose wild singing with, and irrespectively of, each other, imparts an agreeable animation to what they do. The *Ride of the Valkyres* and the *Fire Charm* are known, from being performed at concerts, as two magnificent pieces of daring tone-painting. In my notices of them when they were so heard, I relied upon their connection with the other portions of the drama, and prophesied that they would prove much more effective on the stage than has appeared to be the case at Bayreuth. This may be explained on two grounds: in the first place, the 'mystic abyss' of the Bayreuth Theatre is very far from possessing the captivating brilliancy and spirit of an open concert-room orchestra, and the visitor does not hear the two pieces till towards the close of the opera, when he is tired and dulled by what has gone before.—We must not predict from the score the greater or less effect of Wagnerian operas and scenes on the stage. I was taught this by *Siegfried*, also, which I thought would be far less effective than *Die Walküre*, while the contrary proved true. In the very first act, a tone of freshness, something realistic, something natural and hearty, breathes through the work. It is true that this element degenerates considerably in the 'Schmiederlieder' into the coarseness of Hans Sach's Cobbler-Song, and sacrifices half its effect to immoderate length, yet it stands out very refreshingly from the stilted style of the preceding evenings. But what can we say of the long scene between Wotan and the dwarf, Mime? Each gives the other three questions, and each of them answers his own three with the minuteness of a student well coached up

previously to presenting himself for examination—the entire scene is simply superfluous. Indeed, we may be sure, immediately only the tip of Wotan's spear is visible, that we have half an hour of the most crushing wearisomeness guaranteed. Is this 'dread God,' who never knows what is necessary and never does what is right; who, in the first drama, has to yield to his domineering wife; in the second, to a stupid giant; and in the third to a bold youth—is this unctuous pedant to be venerated as a divine ideal 'by the German people'? Even in his absence, Wotan manages to embitter our existence. In the first act of the *Götterdämmerung*, Wagner is unable to find an opportunity of bringing him on the stage, so a new and superfluous personage, Waltraute, is introduced, to give Brünnhilde an endless account of Wotan's unsatisfactory condition and sorrowful frame of mind. The second act of *Siegfried* left upon me a more pleasing impression than anything else. It is here that the feeling of the "Waving Wood" (*Siegfried* seated in the early dawn at the foot of a tree and listening to the song of the birds), is most deeply felt and most convincingly rendered. It is here that Wagner's virtuoso-like tone-painting celebrates its noblest triumph, because it works with more natural means, and is steeped in purely human feeling. Were it not for the eccentric and ludicrous scene with the singing dragon, which, wounded to the death by Siegfried, becomes sentimental, and, as though out of gratitude for the thrust, relates to the hero its biography—we might enjoy this act with unalloyed pleasure. In the third act, we have again to endure a long conversation between Wotan and Siegfried. The latter fortunately shivers the sleep-inducing spear of the divine watchman, and forces his way into the 'glowing blaze.' For Brünnhilde's awakening, Wagner finds the tenderest tones: the ensuing love scene, also, is at first sweet and full of fragrance, as far, at all events, as it can be under the 'system.' Unfortunately, its conclusion puts us out of temper by its smoking heat; it is the heat of an over-heated steam boiler. We are all acquainted with the excited gruntings, stutterings, and screamings of the latest creations of Wagner's muse at such fervent moments, on which the curtain falls 'very quickly.'

"The *Götterdämmerung* strikes us as being dramatically the most successful of all four pieces; we now move once more upon this earth of ours, among beings of flesh and blood. We see, unfolded before us, a real story, but the introduction of the 'drink of forgetfulness,' which affected us so painfully even in the perusal of the work, strikes us as more repulsive and unintelligible than ever. Though the music of *Götterdämmerung* is carried out with a degree of industry which might do credit to bees themselves, and with more care than the music of the preceding dramas, there is yet a marked falling off in it. The first three dramas struck us, it is true, as sterile and unnatural in their musical method, besides being partially forced and abstruse, yet there ran through them a warmer and more rapid current of blood, a more original vein of invention, pointing to an earlier period as the date of their origin. A peculiar kind of wearisomeness and fatigue stamps the *Götterdämmerung*, on the contrary, with something resembling the laboured efforts of old age. Nothing grows and blossoms spontaneously; the new motives are utterly insignificant; and the musical demand is supplied mostly in mosaic fashion from the earlier leading motives. The first act, which plays quite two hours, oversteps the utmost limits of our patience, and what comes afterwards leaves behind it the remembrance of only two striking pieces: the characteristic funeral march over Siegfried's corpse, and the song of the Daughters of the Rhine, those musical redeeming angels of the *Nibelungenring*. There appears to me no doubt that Wagner's power of musical invention, the place of which no virtuosity can fill, is rapidly on the decline, and the winged expression of the 'Wagner-Dämmerung,' that flew from lip to lip here, contains a sorrowful truth."

The remainder of this Wagner-disturbing letter from the *Neue Freie Presse* will appear in our next. Otto Beard.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD gave the first of her two advertised "Recitals," at St James's Hall, on Thursday afternoon. The hall was literally crammed, and our great English pianist, after her four years' absence, was received with the enthusiasm to which her merits entitle her.

* A long notice of *Rheingold* (based upon the performance at Munich), may be found in my *Modern Opera*.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MUSICIANS have been accused of not praising each others' works. This charge, at any rate, cannot be brought against Haydn and Mozart. Being one day asked for his opinion about a new opera by his great contemporary, Haydn replied: "All I know is that Mozart is certainly the greatest composer now in existence."—Haydn suffered from the cavils of the critics, but his genius met with recognition from him who composed *Don Juan*. A musician of some merit, but of a jealous disposition, was expatiating upon Haydn's defects. "Sir!" observed Mozart, "if you and I were melted down together, we could not make one Haydn."

SOME of the Continental organs are celebrated for their size and magnificent tones. At Tours, the organ has sixty stops; at Weingarten, sixty-four; at Stuttgart, sixty-eight; at Hamburg, seventy; at Prague, seventy-one; at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, seventy-four; at Meiseberg, seventy-five; at Rotterdam, seventy-six; and at Lubeck, eighty-two. Remembering that a stop contains a long row of pipes, we shall be prepared to understand how complex must be the internal arrangements of an organ with seventy or eighty such stops. Most of the pipes are made of metal, a combination of tin and lead, with, sometimes, the addition of a little antimony; the others are made of wood. Some are square, some are round; some are open at the top, others closed. Some are of stupendous size, thirty-two feet high by thirty inches or more in diameter; they emit a gigantic rumbling growl, very Polyphemus-like, rather than a musical note. At the other end of the scale, pipes scarcely an inch long, with a diameter about the size of that of a barley straw and a note like that of a tiny bird. Some costly curiosities in the way of organs have been made on the Continent. An instance of this was the organ of the Duke of Mantua, the keys, pipes, and bellows of which were made of alabaster. There was another in which glass was employed instead of alabaster. One in a convent at Madrid was made of solid silver. Those at Haarlem, Rotterdam, Freiburg, Milan, Weingarten, Stuttgart, Seville, and Frankfort, with those of the Madeleine and two or three others in Paris, are exceptionally powerful. Some owe their power to one peculiar stop; some to the number of their stops; some to the effective balancing of one stop against another; and some to the excellence of the arrangements for the supply of wind at high pressure. Some will make a church tremble by the power of well-speaking pipes thirty-two feet in length.

THERE has been no lack of lady violinists. On the painted roof of Peterborough Cathedral, an edifice said to have been built in 1194, there is depicted a female figure seated, and holding in her lap a sort of viol with four strings and four sound holes, indicating, it would seem, that in early ages ladies sometimes played the violin. Among the accounts of King Henry VII. for Nov. 2nd, 1495, we find the item: "For a womane that singeth with a fiddle, two s." Anne of Cleves, after her divorce, amused herself with playing a viol with six strings; and from a ballad of the time of Charles I. we may infer that it was not then accounted extraordinary for ladies to play the fiddle:—

"She sings and she plays,
And she knoweth all the keys
Of the viol di gamba and lute."

Maddalena Lombardi, who came from Venice, produced a great sensation as a violinist in 1735, at Paris. Regina Schirk was a famous violinist in 1764; Mozart said of her, "No human being can play with more feeling." In 1788, Signora Vittoria dall'Occa played publicly on the violin in the theatre at Milan. Signora Varravicina, born in 1789, at Turin, was a violinist of considerable reputation, and enjoyed the special favour of the Empress Josephine. Louise Gautherot, a French woman, was celebrated for the violin performances which she gave in London, from 1780 to 1790. In 1811 Signora Gerbini performed on the violin, in Paris. In 1835 Mad. Filipowicz, the wife of a Polish Colonel, played the violin at the London Philharmonic Concerts. We are told that those who came to laugh remained to admire. The names of Krahmen, Schultz, Newman, Hunler, and Vittoria de Buono are those of renowned female violinists. Many will remember the *furore* produced in 1840, and later, by the sisters Milanolla. Mad. Norman-Neruda is professoress of the violin in the Academy of Stockholm; and to this list of lady violinists must be added the names of Camilla Urso and Miss Collins.

In his *History of Music*, published at Frankfort in 1743, Badelot says that, being in Holland in 1688, he visited the house and grounds of Lord Portland, and was surprised to see a beautiful gallery in the great stable. He at first thought it was for the grooms to sleep in, but his guide informed him it was to give concerts to the horses once a-week to divert them, and that they appeared very sensible to the music.

A LADY of Salt Lake City, the wife of the leader of the reform party among the Mormons, writes thus of Brigham Young and his family:—"As a father he is affectionate and indulgent; he is unspare of means in educating his children. His daughters, as young ladies, will compare favourably with young ladies in society anywhere. Some of them are very pretty, even handsome; talented, too, especially in music. I have seldom heard sweeter music discoursed upon the piano, accompanied by the voice, than that produced by these young ladies. I have heard it said that they could sing before they could talk. Music with them is a gift of nature, through their father."

CONCERT.

MRS JOHN MACFARREN gave a pianoforte recital on Tuesday, Oct. 3rd, at Brunswick House, Wandsworth Road, assisted by Miss Mary Davies, as vocalist, who recently carried off the gold medal at the Royal Academy of Music. The accomplished pianist was warmly received, and enthusiastically applauded throughout the evening. She played sonatas by Beethoven and Mozart, a selection of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, two of Schumann's *Phantasiestücke*, pieces by Raff and Thalberg, and her own brilliant "Caprice de Concert," to the delight of a crowded audience. Miss Mary Davies sang various songs charmingly, and was called on to repeat Mrs O'Leary's "I know my love loves me," and Professor Macfarren's "The beating of my own heart."

PROVINCIAL.

BELFAST.—The Choral Association gave the first concert of the season on Friday, the 6th inst., in the Ulster Hall. The members of the Association opened the programme by singing the National Anthem, followed by a part-song, "Summer and Winter," by Mr Berthold Tours. Several Italian artists assisted as solo vocalists, including Signor and Madame Campobello, Milles Chiomi, Signors Bettini, Monari-Rocca, &c., &c. Mr Walter Newport conducted.

SLIGO.—Mr Charles Oberthür, assisted by Mr Charles Horn and Mr Edgar Little, broke the dull monotony of this town by giving, in the Assembly Rooms, a harp concert last month. There was a select and fashionable audience, who, to judge by the hearty expressions of approval bestowed upon the performers, fully appreciated the treat afforded them. "When other lips and other hearts," sung by Mr Edgar Little, received a well-merited encore. Mr Oberthür's performance on the harp could stand the closest criticism without fear of depreciation; and we only reiterate the sentiments of the audience when we express a wish that it may not be long until Mr Oberthür again favours Sligo with a visit. As a pianist, Mr Charles Horn showed himself a master. The entertainment was brought to a close by a brilliant Fantasia on Irish Airs.

EDINBURGH.—The series of concerts now being given by the Kennedy family are meeting with a considerable amount of success. On Saturday night the Music Hall was filled, and the audience seemed to be very much gratified with the entertainment provided for them. This was thoroughly national in character, a selection of the best known Scotch songs being sung, and some interesting anecdotes concerning traits of national character being related. Mr Kennedy created much merriment in his humorous ballads and stories, and his children contribute a good share towards the enjoyment of the evening by their instrumental and vocal performances. The concerts occupy a high place in this class of entertainment, and, as they are just of that kind in which a large portion of the community delight, they are well patronised.—*Daily Review*.

BRIGHTON.—Madame Bodda Pyne was the vocalist at the Aquarium concert last Saturday. On the Wednesday previous Miss Lillie Albrecht was the solo pianist, concluding her engagement, says the *Gazette*, under most flattering advantages, meeting with applause and honours only conceded to genuine talent. At the afternoon concert, in "Home, sweet home," the player literally "sang the air," and gave the "shake variations" brilliantly. In Dohler's "Guillaume Tell," Miss Albrecht astonished the audience by the extreme delicacy of her execution. She was unanimously recalled. In the

evening her success was even greater. She played a brilliant "Octave Galop." This was received with a burst of enthusiasm, and, after returning twice to the platform, the applause continued, and the fair artist responded by playing a "Valse Caprice" (her own composition), which met with loud approbation. Miss Albrecht had the special honour, last season, of being the only lady pianist at Mr Bookey's celebrated London Ballad Concerts.

TAUNTON CONCERT.

To the Editor o' the "Musical World."

ZUR.—Will ya'gi' me a little bit o' space to zay some'ut about our Zurmerset concert? Dun't ye zay 'tis like carrying coals to Radstock vor me to write about zingers and players zo well known to your readers! Lunduners be apt to bounce us country volk into agreement wi' um, like Hamlet did thick ill-used gen'leman, his intended vather-in-law, when he made 'um zay, in spite o' hisself, "It is very like a whale." Music be like clouds o' a summer's eve, that no two vellars find alike: if I zee beauty where you dun't, zo much the better for uz all. But let me tell ye about the concert. A'ter harvesting, t'other day I took Till (her name's Matilda) to Taunton for a holiday. On the walls there we zaw gurt bills about a concert, which she read to me from beginning to end; then, looking wi' eyes that went through my soul, and squeezing my arm, which zent tingles o' goose-flesh all over me from top to toe, she zaid, "Willum, I should like to hear 'm." You must know my Till did zing in the church organ gallery o' our village till a young pa'son cum, wi' hat and coat and a lot o' other rattle-traps that seemed stolen from the priests at Dowsdale College. When he cum to our church he hound out that a woman's voice, the beatifullest music God has made vor this world, was improper vor use in the service o' the church, and zo my Till's voice, which is as pure as gospel and rich as grace, was silenced vor the squalling o' a boy put in a surplice to hide his dirt. "I should like to hear them Lunduners zing," said Till again. "You shall," says I. I did wi'out a silk han'kercher and other nick-nacks, and bought two tickets wi' the money. Last Monday Till and I put on our best, and toddled off vor our miles and ha'f through the rain to Victoria Hall at Taunton.

"That's an uncommon nice-looking gen'leman," said Till, when Mr Lindsay Sloper walked on the platform. The vellars who play the pianer generally wear long hair zo zoakingly greased as to drip on their clothes like rain from an umbrella. Now Mr Sloper is natty, clean, and smart, and he plays zo masterly as to give the lie to the zaying that dirt and cleverness must go hand in hand. He played thro' the concert, whether the music was hard or easy, as if his heart was in his work. Mr Charles Ould, a fine miltingary looking man, came on wi' un wi' a gurt bass-viol in his hand. He's a rale clever chap, and played like a cherub. Cherubs, however, aint got any legs, but he put his big fiddle atween his 'un, and played lovely. Then a solemn-looking chap, Mr Lewis Thomas, wander'd on and zang "The Wanderer." Zays I to Till, "Surely that be the wand'ring Jew." "Dun't go on zo," says Till, "he looks particular jolly, and wand'ring agrees wi' um." I then found out I mustn't make vun wi' the men to her. A'ter that a little lady, Madame Edith Wynne, in a variegated blue silk dress, came on. The things struck me fust were hur shoulders and hur eyes: the vormer vor roundness, the latter vor brightness; and hur voice was zo like Till's that I started when she began to zing, clapped like mad when she finished, and had hur on again, vor I vancied she had copied Till to please me, and as I couldn't thank hur, I kissed Till instead. The next treat we had was Dr Sullivan's "Sweethearts," by Mr E. Lloyd. Doctors, in our parts, dun't make up such nice medicines. Why 'tis the stuff to cure lovers o' the dumps. If any o' them quarrell let 'em hear Mr Lloyd gi' the zong, and all will be right again. His voice gi'ens tenderness like vlowers do perfume. When he came to the words, "O love for a year, a week, a day," I could scarcely help clasping Till in my arms avore the public, but in hur ear I did sweat to love hur alway. Madame Antoinette Sterling has a quality few mortals possess, that is, individuality. She be like nobody else, in person, in dress, in manner, and in voice. If anybody get from hur these qualities, and looks and sounds like hur, then she would be alone, vor hur mind has a certain fire that can't be reached or clutched. She moved Till to tears, and subdued even my boisterous nature. I aint got time to zay more about the concert. Till and I walked thro' the rain, but we used the same umbrella.—Yours trewly,

WILLUM SYKES.

HANOVER.—The Abbate Franz Liszt recently paid a visit to this place, his principal object being to see Herr Hans von Bülow, who intends spending the winter here. The Abbate has since proceeded to Weimar, where he thinks of making a tolerably long stay.

NEW ORGAN AT HILLHEAD CHURCH.

A new organ, built by H. Willis, of London, according to the specification of Dr Peace, was opened on the 5th inst. in Hillhead Church, Glasgow, by Dr A. L. Peace and choir (conductor, Mr H. Baxter). The following was the programme:—

Organ Concerto (B flat), Handel; Anthen, "Awake up my glory," A. L. Peace; Andante (Symphony in D), Haydn; Motet (solo and chorus), "Hear my prayer" (solo by Miss Kemlo Stephen), Mendelssohn; Prelude and Fugue, "St Ann's," J. S. Bach; Duet and Chorus, "I waited for the Lord," Mendelssohn; "Triumphal March" (Naaman), Sir M. Costa; Chorus (*Saul*), "How excellent," Handel.

Specification of the organ:—

GREAT ORGAN (compass CC to C, 61 notes).—Double open diapason, metal, 16 feet; open diapason, metal, 8; open diapason (small scale), metal, 8; harmonic flute, 8; harmonic octave flute, metal, 4; principal, metal, 4; harmonic piccolo, metal, 2; fifteenth, metal, 2; mixture, 15, 19, 22, metal; trumpet, metal, 8.

SWELL ORGAN (compass CC to C, 61 notes).—Double diapason (stopped), metal and wood, 16 feet; open diapason, metal and wood, 8; stopped diapason, metal and wood, 8; salicional, metal and wood, 8; voix céleste (tenor C undulating with No. 4), metal and wood, 8; stopped flute, metal and wood, 4; principal, metal and wood, 4; fifteenth, metal and wood, 2; mixture, 15, 19, 22, metal and wood; hautboy, metal and wood, 8; horn, metal and wood, 8.

CHOIR ORGAN (compass CC to C, 61 notes).—Dulciana, metal, 8 feet; clarabella, wood, 8; principal, metal, 4; flute (clarabella scale reduced), wood, 4; piccolo (clarabella scale reduced), wood, 2; clarinet, metal, 8.

PEDAL ORGAN (compass CCC to F, 30 notes).—Open diapason, wood, 16; octave, wood, 8; bourdon, wood, 16; flute bass, wood, 8.

COUPLERS.—Swell to great; swell to pedals; great to pedals; choir to pedals; 3 combination pedals to great organ; 3 combination pedals to swell organ.

All the above stops extend throughout the entire compass of their respective manuals. The pneumatic action is applied to the great and swell organs. The draw-stops are placed at an angle of 45°. The bellows are furnished with four double feeders, which are adapted to be worked by hydraulic power.

ALONE! *

(For Music.)

The wild west flames with a scarlet light
The white waves break on the strand,
And far away in the gathering night
A faint sail fades from land.
In my heart is pain, in my eyes are tears,
On my lips a voiceless prayer,
For I stand alone, while the sad winds moan,
And echo my own despair.

The sea birds scream with a last shrill note,
As the shades of twilight fall;
The trailing seaweeds landward float,
The shadows shroud them all.
Loud on the beach the waters break,
So wild and swift and strong,
And I hear them tell, as they rise and swell,
Of a parting so long—so long!

The night comes on, and the pale moon gleams,
Each bird has sought its nest;
But my heart, like the heaving water, seems
To throb with its own unrest.
Oh for some hope, though the hope were vain,
To whisper of joys so sweet,
That I can but dream of the bliss they mean
Till my love and I shall meet!

"RITA."

* Copyright.

PESTH.—After fulfilling a most successful starring engagement here, Miss Minnie Hauck has left for Berlin. She appeared in the operas of *Mignon*, *Aida*, *Don Juan*, and *Hamlet*.

MAYNCE.—The Town-Conductorship—one of the best paid places of the kind in Germany—is at present temporarily filled by Herr Skraup, from Aix-la-Chapelle.—The Stadth theater has been re-decorated, and the new manager, Herr Deutschinger, will open it with Meyerbeer's *Prophète*.

A Spherical Dream.



I venture to send you the account of a dream, really dreamed. It was in a concert-hall, vast as halls can be whose place is not in the world of gravitation, but in the limitless and lawless region. Its boundaries I did not see, my senses being spell-bound, as in dreams. But I knew, half unconsciously, that the hall was densely, mightily, overpoweringly peopled with wondering faces. I knew it with that same sort of superfluous power of sense which the eye has, when fixed on any one engrossing object, to take in the surroundings of any one sight, however intently fixed the attention. All mine was absorbed by one object, a man; and as I looked, not from his likeness to any face I had before known, but from that untaught knowledge one has in dreams, he was Beethoven. It was Beethoven; and for the time I felt that my life was that of a disciple; my only lord on earth, Beethoven; that my life would have half attained its ideal of perfection could I but speak to, and be answered by, Beethoven. He had been playing to us. What he had been playing was not to me then a melody, whose memory haunted the brain, as the notes of the tense strings are given back by each harmonious fibre of the sounding-board. But he had been playing, it seemed, a music subtler than what reaches the ears; music that so worked on my heart and soul, and, as I felt, on the hearts and souls of all that multitude, that we were his will-less subjects, bound by the power of infinite love and gratitude, of infinite adoration for one who so fashioned our moods to harmony with his. And now it was over, not the enchantment, but the enchanter; and he was going. That was all I knew; I was losing him: he was going away. And as the rest rose, and he passed down the hushed and enchanted rows of faces, I flew—moving as one can only in dreams—from my place to the floor where he was passing. Did I call him? I think so, but I know not what I said; but as he moved along the line, bowing to the silent worship of the multitude, he turned to me, he spoke to me, smiled on me. How can I remember his words? Even his smile lives only in a feeling of joy, and his words, I know no more of them than of the music that enthralled me. I can feel them as the needle feels the far-off loadstone, but it is a feeling transcending all limits of intelligible speech. I felt then that I knew happiness, I cared not to ask what, but I had it. I was happy, as birds and flowers upon earth are happy, happy even though he was gone, and my dream passed away.

F. G. B.

[*Try another. All so vanishes. This also is vanity.*—D. P.]

NAPLES.—After considerable hesitation, the Municipal Council have accepted Sig. Daniele Borioli, ex-manager of the Teatro Regio, Turin, as manager of the Teatro San Carlo.

VIENNA.—The ballet of *Coppelia* has been produced at the Imperial Operahouse. M. Delibes, composer of the music, was called on several times. Mdlle Linda, who sustained the principal part, was much applauded, as was M. Frappart in *Coppelia*.

DRESDEN.—Racine's *Athalie*, with Mendelssohn's music, is announced at the Theatre Royal for the 28th inst. Gluck's *Alceste*, which has not been performed since Herr Scaria left, will shortly be given, with Mad. Kainz-Prause in the part of the hero.—The new Theatre is rapidly approaching completion. The exterior is finished, and the work of internal decoration is being actively pushed forward. The edifice occupies a space of 4,859 square metres. Of these, 1,152 are devoted to the auditorium and lobbies round the house; 1,251 to the stage; and the remainder to foyers, stairs, &c.

HAMBURGH.—Herr Brüll's comic opera, *Das goldene Kreuz*, has been successfully produced at the Stadttheater.—A dramatic company, consisting of 40 persons, have been performing here the celebrated Oberammergau Passion Plays. They style themselves the Old Bavarian Passion Company, but are not those who performed at Oberammergau. They are bound for America, and take England on their way. Their repertory is not drawn from the New Testament alone; the Old Testament is laid under contribution. Their attraction is the representation of the Crucifixion.

WAIFS.

At the Covent Garden Concerts, on Wednesday week, there was a "Grand Selection" from Wagner's music, which, among other things, included the cumbrous overture to the *Meistersinger*, and the still more cumbrous "Huldigung" March, dedicated to the King of Bavaria. Mdlle Bianchi sang Elizabeth's air from *Tannhäuser*, and Senta's legend from the *Fliegende Holländer*, both in German, and both charmingly. Herr Wilhelmy played Walther's "Preisslied," one of the really melodious pieces in the *Meistersinger*, in so perfect a manner that he was compelled to repeat it. The newest and most striking feature in the selection, however, was the solemn Funeral March from the last scene but one of *Götterdämmerung*, following the death of Siegfried at the hands of his treacherous enemy, Hagen, son of Alberich, chief of the Nibelungs, which, admirably played by the orchestra, under the direction of Signor Arditi, was also encored and repeated. The theatre was crammed, and the audience enthusiastic. Wagner, whose march was played three nights in succession, is assuredly now on his trial among us. His prospects look fair enough.

Women never make a mistake unless they think.

Mdlle Sangalli has returned to Paris, and will shortly re-appear at the Grand Operas in the ballet of *Sylvia*.

The orchestral rehearsals of *La Forza del Destino* commence at the Théâtre-Italien, Paris, on the 15th inst.

Madame Anna Bishop has just been left a legacy of £1,000, by a Mrs Bray, of Sydney, New South Wales.

A well moulded arm is handsomer without bracelets. Besides, bracelets are apt to scratch a fellow's ear.

The Concerts Frascati commenced, in Paris, on the 30th ult. M. Arban, the conductor, met with a hearty reception.

Pretty girls resemble confectionery in more ways than one. They are sweet, expensive, and conducive to heart-burn.

They say it is dangerous to go into the water after a hearty meal. But who expects to find a hearty meal in the water?

A little boy had been sent to dry a towel before the nursery-fire. "Mamma, is it done when it is brown?" he enquired.

There will be an Italian operatic season, this winter, at Kroll's Theatre, Berlin. Signor Gardini is to be the manager.

Mdlles Emma Albani and Zaré Thalberg have left town for their tour with Mr Gye's company. *Que le bon Dieu les bénissent!*

The Conservatory of Music in Pittsburgh, U.S., has been named, in honour of Robert Franz, the Robert Franz Conservatory of Music.

Sig. Gardini has gone to Madrid to witness the first appearance of the Sisters Gerster, who are engaged by him for Berlin.

The Comte d'Osmonde, Parisian amateur, has had a three-act opera, *Andreas Hofer*, accepted at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

A Communal Academy of Music has just been founded at Boulogne-sur-Mer. There will be a competition, on the 15th inst., for nine professorships.

The New York theatres now offer five different ballet troupes. The florists are doing a good business and the trade in opera-glasses is exceedingly brisk.

The French Academy of Fine Arts has notified that a successor to the membership of the late Félicien David will be elected at the expiration of six months.

A New York boy was gnawing away at some water-melon rind. A passer-by asked why he was doing so. The answer was: "Coz some other feller has eaten the core."

The operas in which Mdlle Christine Nilsson will sing at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, next December, are *Les Huguenots*, *Lohengrin*, *Faust*, *Mignon*, and *Hamlet*.

The management of the Komische Oper, Vienna, has concluded a six nights' engagement, for next November, with Herr Franz Nachbaur, tenor of the Theatre Royal, Munich.

A lyric artist, speaking of his manager, remarked: "I do not place much faith in him. He has three hands." "How so?" Reply: "Because he has got a little behind-hand."

"If," says an American paper, "Professor Huxley can explain how the average beer-purveyor manages to get so much froth into a single glass of Lager, his visit here will not have been in vain."

M. Henri Bertini, whose name has long been familiar to pianists, died on the 1st inst., aged 78, on his estate at Meylan, near Grenoble. He came before the public as an infant phenomenon when only twelve years old. By his performances and his elementary works for the piano, he amassed a considerable fortune, on which he retired twenty years ago.

On the representations of the Japanese Legation in Paris, M. Charles Leococq's new opera will once more change its name. It is not to be entitled *Le Mikado* but *Kosiki*, after one of the leading personages.

"So," observed a friend to the father of a pupil who had carried off a prize at the Paris Conservatory, "your son has earned his spurs?" "Yes," replied the practical sire, "and now he has got to earn his boots."

The *Melbourne Argus*, Aug. 7, records the first performance in Australia of Sir Michael Costa's *Eli*. This oratorio seems to be making a tour of the world. The still higher merits of *Naaman* take longer to appreciate.

A negro, who wanted his hair cut, was refused a chair in a New Orleans barber's shop. Hereupon, he threatened to bring an action under the civil-rights bill. "All right," said the barber, "go on with your suit—we advertise to cut hair—not wool."

Referring to Miss Linda Dietz, a New York critic observes: "She is a slender young lady, with an extra-sized mouth, a Dutch brogue, and a well-trained lip." On this the *Boston Courier* says: "The question naturally arises: How does the critic know that Miss Linda's lips is well-trained?"

Miss Elena Norton, a young Dublin lady, sang lately with success, at a concert at the Alexandra Palace. Her voice and style were greatly admired. She was encored in Sullivan's "Let me dream again." Miss Norton's song, "Maurya bawn asthore," has already become popular.—*Irish Times*.

Signora Ristori is now in Paris, getting up a performance in aid of the funds for erecting a statue to Goldoni. The programme has not yet been definitively settled, but one portion will be Schiller's *Maria Stuart* translated into Italian. Signora Ristori will play the part of the Queen of Scots, while that of Elisabeth will be sustained by Miss Genevieve Ward.

"What a nuisance!" exclaimed a gentleman at a concert, where a fast youth in front of him kept talking in a loud voice to a fair companion seated in the next stall. "Do you mean me, sir?" threateningly demanded the fast youth. "Oh dear no" was the quiet reply. "I mean the musicians there, who keep up such a noise with their instruments that I cannot hear your conversation."

Messrs Chappell & Co., have in the press, and will shortly publish, "Medical Hints on the Production and Management of the Voice" by Mr Lennox Browne, surgeon to the Royal Society of Musicians. This work will be an extension of the paper on "The Voice as a Musical Instrument," one of the most interesting communicated during the last session of the Musical Association.

A Connecticut clergyman had a deacon who insisted on leading the singing, though a great blunderer. The hymn given out was "I love to steal awhile away." The deacon commenced: "I love to steal," and broke down. He started again: "I love to steal," and again broke down. A third time he began, and a third time broke down, when the pastor arose and gravely said: "I am sorry for our brother's propensity. Will some brother pray?"

COLOGNE.—The Gürzenich concerts commence on the 24th.

BRESLAU.—The Stadttheater will remain closed all the winter, and possibly even still longer. This is much deplored by the great mass of the inhabitants, who are not to be consoled by the fact that a new and elegant theatre, called the Victoria Theatre, capable of accommodating 2,500 persons, was opened on the 30th ult.

LEIPSIC.—Herr Hofmann, engaged Herr Josef Rubinstein, Herr R. Wagner's pianist at Bayreuth, for a tour through the towns of Saxony and Thuringia. One evening, a short time since, about an hour before the commencement of the concert, Herr Rubinstein, we are informed, declared that he had suddenly been taken unwell and could not play again during the tour. At the same time, he strenuously refused to allow any medical man to see him. Hereupon, Herr Hofmann addressed the following letter to the respective editors of leading German papers:—"Sir, I do myself the honour of forwarding you a programme of my last concert-tour. You will see by it that Herr Josef Rubinstein, from Bayreuth, in a fit of artistic caprice or of raving madness, has been guilty of a breach of contract towards me. He gave the finishing touch to his behaviour by declaring, the very next day, of his own free will, when I had found a substitute, and when, perhaps, he perceived how unjustly he had treated me, that he was ready to resume his playing. It is self-evident that persons like him may occasion concert-associations and concert speculators the greatest inconvenience, besides insulting the public in the coarsest manner. As I consider it necessary, in the interest of respectable concert-enterprise, to give publicity to such unconsciousness behaviour, I respectfully request you to notice it in your esteemed paper. I pledge you my word of honour that nothing

occurred on my part or on that of my company which could afford Herr Josef Rubinstein a pretext for what he did; on the contrary, he was always treated with the most friendly consideration and politeness. I have the honour to remain, &c. JULIUS HOFMANN."—The Florentine Quartet, headed by Herr Jean Becker, gave a concert recently in the Gewandhaus. The Society have offered two prizes, of 1,000 marks each, for a string quartet, and a quartet for piano, violin, alto, and violoncello. Manuscripts may be forwarded, up to the 31st March next, to Herr Becker, at Mannheim. Herren Johannes Brahms and Robert Volkmann have consented to act as two of the referees.

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CHORUS OF DUENNAS "We are poor weak things."

CHORUS "Now through the air."

FINALE "Welcome knight and welcome squire."

Act III.

ENTR'ACTE.

CHORUS "All is ready."

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